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Original Poetry.

TO JENNY LIND.

[We have been favored with an Address to Jenny Lind for publication, but as the whole of it contains more space than we generally allow to original poetry, we publish the concluding verses as follows:]

But hark! a voice is sprung
From my dream western home—
It tells me of the morning,
And whispers thee to come.

It breathes of cloudy dingle
And quiet forest grove,
Of sunny hills and valleys
Where sweet wild flowers bloom.

It tells thee of the town,
Beneath a free blue sky—
The name of the greatest
Where wandering lovers sigh—

The scene of the forest
Where all the birds revelle,
And from the green leaves, lightly
The sparkling dewdrops shake—

To scenes of the mountain,
Where little streamlets run,
Now gurgling into shadow,
Now tinkling in the sun.

Oh, if spoke in health, and power
The wish of my country's heart,
It would bear our dear songstress
And whispers her to come.

Then come dear Jenny come across
Unmoved by any waile or moan,
Come to where sunset kisses the waves—
Upon the golden shore of home.

Come to where the mother's dear
Will greet you with a smile,
Where little strangers run,
Now gurgling into shadow,
Now tinkling in the sun.

Oh, if spoke in health, and power
The wish of my country's heart,
It would bear our dear songstress
And whispers her to come.

And when you've had a spacious sail,
With wonders of the deep around,
And gentle zephyrs fanning
Your cheek with kisses sweet,

You'll find a welcome for dear Jenny
That's sure to last for years,
And when you've had a thousand
Your welcome still appears.

Original Novelet.

VIRGINIA AND MAGDALENE;
OR,
THE FOSTER SISTERS.
A WINTER EVENING'S STORY.

(CONTINUED.)

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY EMMA D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH.
AUTHOR OF "THE DESERTED WIFE," "SHANNONDALE," "RETRIBUTION," &c., &c., &c.

[Entered according to the Act of Congress, by Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER VIII.

THE GOOD SAMARITANS.

The time arrived for the termination of Helen Hervey's governess-duties at the hall, and the emancipated lady prepared for her departure. Miss Hervey had tried to persuade Judge Washington to give her grand daughter the advantage of a few years' more education at the celebrated finishing school; but to this proposition the old Judge would not listen.

It was early on a Spring morning, that Mr. Hervey called upon a dry gig to take Miss Helen back home to her self again with some exercise, but consoling herself and them with the reflection that the Judge's carriage would return in a few miles off—a pleasant morning or afternoon ride, that, doubtless, they should all enjoy equally need during the week, as well as regularly every sabbath in church. After the was gone, Virginia and Magdalene were quite forlorn looking after her, until the sweeping curve of the carriage drive took her in a semi-circle around to the back of the grounds, towards the thick woods behind, in which she was quickly lost to sight.

Then the Judge, with the view of turning their minds from sorrowing at the departure of their friend on each young head, and said,

"My dears, you are freed from the school room, only to be permitted to the superintendence of household affairs. Up to this time, Polly Pepper has been your governess—I mean no man, two gods, and their governess: but Polly, as she says herself, has been growing older and older every day of her life; therefore the considerate guardian ship of the old Judge has appointed a few more years of education to you, that I may be relieved from the responsibility of your education. Now Hervey had tried to persuade Judge Washington to give his grand daughter the advantage of a few years' more education at the celebrated finishing school; but to this proposition the old Judge would not listen.

"I know, my dears, that among other reasons, I would not complicate even in childhood's dreams, darling! among a thousand others, I have no objection to your having a governess. I cannot perish a week of pernicious affluence—anything, by birth, that the human intellect is capable of. And—if I can from my pet aware—while they may be in the house, I shall be governess—as far as I have power, and they have need."

"Oh, Magdalene! how noble! how magnanimous! how generous! how really truly-like!" said Virginia,

some evidence—faith in them, some faith, has pervaded literature, and even "Aztec—while philosophy herself, with all her mail rusty and hard, and mostly broken, has been able to retain and overthrow them. The deep-rooted tendency say that we are descended of flesh and blood (only), but with powers and principalities of darkness. We, therefore, of the spiritual world live all around us with its beneficial influences—nothing can ever make any one's conscience otherwise. Nothing can ever separate from God's love—nothing can ever injure any one except by his own free will. I were superstitious, however, if this singular coincidence of our fearful dream—after having already, my spouse from their prophetic command to oppress my mind, I would recollect that we are in the supreme Ruler of the Universe, Lord of Angels and Archangels, and Lord also of the world and its wicked spirits, and I would call on Him to arrest the evil, and I should feel comforted and cheered, knowing that I was safe under the shadow of His Almighty Omniscient wings."

"Well—would He not avert the evil without your prayer?"

"Yes! I believe so!—all evil that would not be ultimate—if any such can be, but then He has permitted us to pray to Him, and prayer strengthens and hope—and courage!"

"Dear Gimlet! dear child! you sweet, celestial little seraph! if you cannot cure, you will at least console me. Dear, gentle Gimlet! how I love you!"

"And I you, Lena!"

"Oh, Gimlet! It has come, Gimlet—the end!—Oh, Gimlet! it is done now—with me—then you think! Sometimes in the midst of the brightest, sweetest emotion of the heart, a cold shudder overcomes my soul, and all is confusion and darkness and terror! and sometimes the cloud descends in a dreadful storm, and sometimes it is dispersed by a sun-burst of love, as now, my Gimlet! all is clear and bright, and glad and hopeful!"

They were interrupted by the entrance of two visitors, one bearing a cutter, upon which lay the coffee and chocolate steamed, and the other bringing a larger tray, upon which lay rolls, butter, Virginia corn-pone, and various meats were placed. Gimlet and Magdalene's table is magnificent for "plenteer and lean" arrangement of the dishes, and they gave orders for the second half to be rung, which soon brought in all the other members of the family, as well as all their guests. The morning meal was a very joyous one, notwithstanding the fact that the visitors were to depart immediately after breakfast. The girls joked with each other about the fair sex. They would insist upon hearing whether Gimlet had been trained by a prepossessing, but Gimlet laughed her gay silvery laugh, and shaking all her bright ringlets, declared that she had seen the identical person, which

"Drew Penn's costume at the dead of night."

And then the butterfly fancies of the volatile girls flew off in a multitude of ... and soon after, they arose from the table and dispersed to prepare for their hasty rides home; and this was the more necessary that the sky was slightly overcast, and a light mist, more, which might increase, was beginning to fall. Will many a laugh and gay carcon, and affectionate invitation they bade adieu to Virginia. In two hours the house was clear of guests, if we except Sir Christian Carey, who seemed now as inmate.

"I do love a man—any man in a while, so much! It keeps everybody together around the—the hearth—it gives one—excuse for a very cozy and spicy soup for dinner! And I particularly like the snowy day to-day, for it will keep every body away, and I am going to be so lazy!" said Gimlet, as she laughingly kissed her hand to the female circle and gone through the door.

Gimlet was engaged in household cares all the forenoon. Dinner was to be ordered as usual. Then the whole house, lately in such a state of pany, and now vacated by the visitors, was to be arranged in its former condition. Each one chambers were to be visited—the white Mac millan quilts and solicite-covers, and the rich Gobelin Arabella settings and cushions, were to be taken off, aired, folded away for the coming twigs, and last away to the large closet, ... linen-room; and bright scarlet white ... their own counterpanes, of damask ... cotton and home-made ... of ... to replace them. And ... on the ... were to be laid ... the ... and dressing ... were to be visited, pitchers and bowls ... and chamber ... changed ... drew off ... and ... mirrors veiled, and ... their old-fashioned ... Gimlet finished her task, ... Negro Matthew,

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA:
SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 22, 1851.

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STEAM-POWER BOOK AND JOB PRINTING OFFICE.
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THIS YEAR'S CAMPAIGN.

In the intervals of Mr. Southworth's Novelets, we shall publish shorter novelets and stories from the pens of other well-known writers. We have two now on hand, which shall be published as early as possible, viz.:

The Iron Hand, by T. S. Arthur.

The Texan Heritage, by C. W. Webber, author of "The Shot in the Eye," &c.

Reports of Conference, the Cream of the Foreign Periodicals, Engravings, Congressional Reports, General News, Wit and Humor, &c., &c., shall be given as of old.

From Washington.

THIRTY-FIRST CONGRESS.

SENATE.

On the 10th, Mr. Pearce presented the resolutions of Mr. Pratt, Senator elect from Maryland, for six years, from the 4th of March next.

Mr. Seward presented a memorial from Auburn, praying the Patent Laws.

Mr. Mason, Jr., presented two petitions, one from the majority of the members of the Legislature, and another from a minority of the members of the Legislature of Virginia, in favor of measures for the settlement of the slavery question, expressing the opinions of the signers coincident with those of their constituents. He did not consider them as memorials, and did not suppose that Congress had power to appropriate money for the deportation of the free negroes.

Mr. Hale presented a petition will one thousand signers, from Boston, praying for the repeal of the Fugitive Slave Law. Laid on the table.

Another communication was received from the Treasury Department, relative to the estimates of the Superintendent of Weights and Measures.

Mr. Bell presented the petition of the citizens of Indiana, in favor of a line of steamers to Africa.

Mr. Bell's resolution, directing inquiry into the propriety of establishing a depot in the Southern part of the United States, was taken up.

Mr. Gwin's resolution, directing inquiry into the expediency of establishing a depot in the Southern region, reported from any port on the Pacific, was taken up and adopted.

Mr. Bright introduced a Bill explanatory of the Act of March 3, of the Judiciary Act of September, 1850. He explained the Bill as merely declaring that suits pending and the rights existing under the law of 1793, were not in any way affected by the act of 1850. He said he had no intention of disturbing the compromise acts, and declared his determination to stand by them so long to say one else. The Bill was referred to the Judiciary Committee.

The Bill directing the distribution of a book of the Laws of the United States, ordered to be printed, to be engrossed, was taken up. Passed.

The Bill for the relief of Jacob Brown and Robert Smith, was taken up and passed. Also, several Bills of Mr. Walker, relative to the Florida claims.

Mr. Bright introduced a Bill explanatory of the Act of March 3, 1849, relative to the Territory of Minnesota. Coal reference.

Mr. Hale presented a petition will one thousand signers, from Boston, praying for the repeal of the Fugitive Slave Law. Laid on the table.

Another communication was received from the Treasury Department, relative to the estimates of the Superintendent of Weights and Measures.

Mr. Foote, from the Committee on the Territories

Selected Poetry.

PURE SPOTS IN THE HEART.

BY G. P. R. JAMES.

There is within the heart of mine—
Corrupt as it may be—
A touch of that which Eden knew,
Ere Eve profaned the tree!

A love of goodness innocence,
However low we stray;
Which makes the first wrong wicked still
All sorrow to the sin.

Our time, in a day, many lead,
And years long, long ago—
A bell of love, and sin, and song—
I saw a scene of woe.

I stood within five prisoner walls,
That framed a little cell;
I listened to his dark, cold words,
I marked his vengeful fell.

Kind I bespoke him; for I knew
Could trample on a worm,
And him would raise each flower upon
That's broken by the storm.

After a cost, his bosom warmed;
He spoke of his past life;
And many an awful deed he owned,
Told tales of bloody strife.

He was a man without remorse,
Who feared nor God nor fiend;
Penance, nor heaven, he'd loosed,
Compassion, but on friend.

And there he was, next day to die
For his most direful act;
He'd murdered one who trusted him,
For ruthless lust and greed.

Yet no compunction he betrayed,
No hope, no fear, no grief;
He seemed as one without a soul,
And hard beyond belief.

Yet, as we talked, the sounds of life
Came wafted from the street;
And merry laughs, and joyous tones,
And children's voices sweet.

At this last sound a pleasant smile
Passed o'er his iron face,
Which seemed to show that such haggard hue
A strange redeeming grace.

"I love to hear a child's dear tongue,"
Then once I loved Ada Mount of Sytts, and they will
"It brings back days when I was young,
And by my mother played.

"I used to gather flowers and fetch things,
And chased the butterfly,
And into thought I then could love—
Tell true I think could die."

He fell into a fit of thought—
He drew my pencil near;
No further conference would he hear,
I turned and went my way.

Original Sketch.

PRAIRIE GOSSIP.

OR HOW IT HAPPENED THAT WE HAD NOTHING-GOING DINNER IN PRAIRIEVILLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY AUNT ALICE.

Well, how was it? Give me time, dear reader, and I will explain it. The Governor had appointed the day, the minister had announced it from the pulpit, the gossips of Prairieville had talked it over, full two weeks before hand, the farmers brought in their turkeys and geese, which and with which they all were invited to keep Thanksgiving, and there was no little stir to secure a fine portion of butter and eggs—from the lady who knows the most about the ravishes were reported—brisk," and quite an excitement was got up, when it was found that there was no market—would be—to do without a pie pudding, for had never existed. Indian meal could be had; but it is not every one—hence, perhaps, the Indian meal dog; however they could try it. So passed the first week of preparation. The school [illegible] was exercised by the good Governor's [illegible] going to have at home; and of Emmaline—only they would bring to mind the very first one [illegible] Little Lizzy Burns, who [illegible] was terribly afraid she would be roasted alive—and they were going [illegible] to have some venison in the dinner—the day. The school mistress here called them to order, but every child had a tale to tell when they went home at night. Mrs. Long ran over to see Mrs. Post early in the morning, to tell her what a fool Oliver Burns was going to give. Mrs. Post was surprised. She was going to invite Mrs. Burns home herself, and she must give it up; she believed she would not cook for turkey at all on that day, but send and give a Christmas party. Mrs. Long was glad to put burs off until New Year's. Mrs. Bailey called on Mrs. Long in the course of the day, and told her that Major Harris's wife was going to bake the largest mince-pies on record, the next day; and she guessed the Harris's would have the largest company in town. Mrs. Long began to wonder whether she had been left accept. Mrs. Bishop said if she couldn't have Mrs. Harris, she would have anybody. Mr. Post went to see Mrs. Harris, and told her that Mrs. Burns had had the impudence to invite her singer in their store, and that Lizzy had been inquiring for twin paper. Mrs. Harris said nothing, changed her dress, went into the kitchen for a moment, and told the cook not to break those eggs—just mind to have the pies made early and bring her story of the numerous Thanksgiving dinners to be given in Prairieville that week. When her visitor had gone, Mrs. Harris went to her self, told him that she thought it would be best to put off their dinner, as they were to be invited out, and Thanksgiving dinners were going to be an entire new sensation. In place of going out with her baking, she posted off to the store to purchase materials for a new cap to wear whenever she chanced to be invited. In the course of time, the turkeys gobbled on, almost choking with fat. The children coming home from school, would run into the kitchen and inquire if the cakes were baked yet—they were only told to "hush," and everything there seemed very unharmonious.

Wednesday the 27th came, and still the invitations were not lifted. The good ladies of Prairieville would occasionally run out of their windows and doors to see if they could discover any signs of preparation at their neighbors, and if a child or servant could be seen, then the news of what they were received with smiles, for, who knows, they may be the bearers of an invitation. Every one kept trudging through the mud was an object of interest, and long were the whisperings as to where they came from, and where they went. Evening came, and still no invitations, perhaps the rain prevented them. Well, it would be time enough in the morning. So the good women went into their parlors to see how much room they had in the house, and to prepare some small refreshments for those of the family who would have to remain at home the next day, as they themselves would certainly dine out, and would not have time to do anything. The four children were sent to bed early, and told not to "run about" Thursday morning was about and cold, the sun shone smilingly even on the turkeys in the yard; they were fed once more, and no one seemed to notice the fact that they had taken out of their misery, poor things, they were almost bursting with fat. *Sad, sad indeed.*

Mr. Burns set by the dining-room fire after breakfast, (she did think it best to have the fire made up in the parlor, as she did not expect to spend the day at home.) She had just told Lizzy that she had put off her dinner party—the child fell disappointed, and wondered if she would be found out and told her mother. She was looking out of the window, when a knock at the back door caused her to turn her head. Mrs. Burns went to the door herself, and there stood Major Hatchet's boy. An invitation, thought Lizzy, but no, he had only come to return a favor. Mrs. Burns almost shut the door in his face, and returned to her seat, trying to look quite composed. The boy went home very fast, and was met at the gate by Mrs. Harris herself.

"Well?" said she, and in the prompest ever there? Did you put into the kitchen?"

"No ma'am, the black gal held the flour shut, and holled me for to go to the front of the house, but I slipped through the entry, and knocked at the dining-room door."

"That was right. What did you see?"

"Oh, nothing much. Miss Burns looked kinder cross, when I go her the book, and she didn't say me no, though I tried to skeer me look as cold as I could."

"I might have known better than to send you," said the lady impatiently. "You are too dumb to find out anything," and she went into the house feeling rather cross. Going into the kitchen, she met Lizzy Burns, with "the other volume of that book" in her hands, and open ing about, to see what could be seen.

When she went home she told her mother, she wouldn't eat any turkey, nor even smell one if cooking.

At ten o'clock the bell rung for church, the congregation was larger than usual, the ladies had, most of them, walked from home alone, as the gentlemen came immediately from their places of business, and met them in the church, ready to escort them from thence to their neighbors to dine, for the time, poor communists, had all been told to believe that no grand dinners were certainly in store for them. The sermon on that occasion, I am told, was entirely devoted to the Pilgrims, the usually good dresses, were now less attractive than the under one; they thought of the great "dinner-to-up dinners" prepared for their families, of their husbands, black spoke, in short of everything that is agreeable, and when church was out, it was really gratifying to see their we begone looks, when each husband came up, and offering his arm to his wife, said, so cheerfully, "well, whom do we dine?" Dear reader, we shall not follow them to their homes, let them pass it out alone, and will simply mention that turkey dinners were very common indeed on Christmas day in the good little town of Prairieville.

Selected Articles.

THE POSITION OF WOMEN IN TURKISH SOCIETY.

If, from the materials of life, we turn our eyes upon the moral and intellectual condition of the Mussulman nations, we find no greater encouragement. I do not find my models here in Stamboul, where imitation of European customs has wrought a wonderful change—if not in the hearts and minds of the true believers, at least in their outward appearance. When foreigners, walking through the streets or the bazaars of Stamboul, see a Turkish nobleman stuffed in his riding coat, tight trousers, and French varnished boots, they candidly admire the powerful action of civil and political reform, and prophesy that the Turks will soon join the Christians on the path of civilization and progress. How little do they—those who judge in this way, from superficial appearances—know what dirty persons are wrapt up in those rich and elegant clothes, or what cruel indifference is hidden under that outward show of good breeding and humanity. Let them cross the Bosphorus or sail down either of the Dardanelles—land at Scutari, Ismid, Smyrna or Beyrout; proceed into Asia Minor or Syria, and they will soon be convinced that no soul of prosperity or reformation has been cast abroad by the pretext of reformers of the Turkish nation. The whole bulk of the Moslem laws is intended to prevent the progress of the people in the path of civil and social liberation